

French Frills

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VOL. 2

NO. 2

What Every
French Girl
Knows

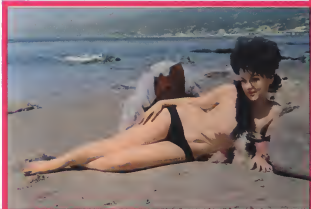
• It's Better
In Paris

• Nicest
Thing
In Net

ADULTS
ONLY

The Coolest
Cat In Paris

• The Curious Case Of
Casanova's Couch



FEAST FOR A FRANCO PHILE



Toujours incomparable, Georgette takes to the seashore with such extraordinary élan that those few fortunate fellows who witness the dazzling display will never forget the sheer grandeur of it all.





*France is justly
famed for its
fine beaches. But
seldom has sand
and surf shone so
bright in the
brilliant summer
sun as they do
now—graced by the
glorious free
form of Georgette.*





With fancy feathers
flying in the
channel breeze,
Georgette provides
the fetchingly
fabulous send-off for
all the wonders to
follow in this
grand and gala issue
of FRENCH FRILLS...



French Frills

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the
view in
Michelle's
mirror





~~~~~

*"Miroir! Miroir! Sur le mur!*

*Qui est-ce qui c'est*

*la plus belle demoiselle*

*de Paris?" Or, to translate*

roughly from the French,

incredibly lovely Michelle is

asking her looking glass an

incredibly naive question.

She wants to know who is the

loveliest young thing in

the City of Light – and the

answer is as clear as

the mirror on her wall!

~~~~~



Seasoned observers reflect on a remarkable reflection and judge Michelle *the sight to see*.





by Jean-Paul Bruillet

What Every FRENCH GIRL KNOWS

THAT MYSTERIOUS INGREDIENT NO PARISIENNE
WOULD BE WITHOUT IS AS PLAIN AS THE NOSE
ON YOUR FACE – AND FULLY AS SENSITIVE, TOO!





EVERY MAN COMES EQUIPPED with five senses. And every French woman worthy of the name knows that if she can appeal to any one of the five, she's got that man's attention, but if she can appeal to all five, she's got *him*. That's what makes perfume such a vital part of the Parisienne's campaign.

All around the world, girls use perfume to some degree, but not many of them have learned the tricks that make it such a powerful weapon. Manufacturers are dead serious when they give perfumes exotic, sensual names. It *can* have that kind of an effect on a man when it's used properly. And using it properly is an art, which is well worth learning.

Like anything else, conditioning can play an important part in perfume magic. The *Parisienne* knows that if she picks one scent and always uses it with one particular man, that scent is going to mean *her*. Wherever he is, he's going to snap to attention when he gets a whiff. . . and his mind is going to be filled with the sweet, sensuous vision of her. This is a neat trick and it's also very handy in time of emergency.

If, for instance, the *mademoiselle's* (or *madame's*)



dream man has strayed off to greener pastures in search of variety, he's going to be in for a disconcerting surprise when he finds himself in a strange boudoir suddenly coming face to face with her in the form of her scent floating out at him from another lady's dressing table. It's going to put a damper on his evening's activities. He's going to go home realizing that all night long he was thinking of her for some mysterious reason, and the next day he's going to come running back where he belongs.

Conversely, if she meets a new man who sniffs the air around her and gets a strange expression on his face as he remarks "Cherie, I wish you wouldn't wear that perfume," she knows that scent was reminding him of some other woman. Naturally, she changes odors at the first opportunity. Men don't realize how much women use perfume to control a man's behavior, and a smart girl never tells them. It's strictly a feminine secret.

On the other hand, if *la belle Française* is playing with a man who isn't getting very desirous in response to a steady diet of *Desiree*, it's time for change. In such cases, it doesn't much matter

what the lady switches to, it's the change that's important. *Monsieur* won't realize why, on this particular night, he's suddenly newly aware of *madame*, but the fact is that in giving a jolt to his sense of scent she will have shaken up all five. Action is the inevitable result.

The girl who's using one perfume as her trademark should go all out with it. It belongs in her bureau drawers, permeating her bras, panties, nightgowns, slips and stockings. It belongs in her closet, subtly enveloping her clothes. It belongs in her bath water, towels, hair brush, and it belongs in her bed linen. Most of all, of course, it belongs on her, and here's where girls without the advantages of the French go wrong. A dab behind the ears doesn't do the trick. There are two things to remember: one is that aromas rise, and the other is that they are most effective on the warmest parts of the body.

With those things in mind, *mademoiselle* starts at her toes for she is well aware that a dab behind the ears will rise and hover around the ceiling where it does nobody any good. A few drops strategically placed will rise to an appreciable level and will

seem to represent the very essence of the girl.

Working upward, she dabs a bit on the backs of her knees, her thighs, and just beneath her breasts. A quick touch to the inner bend of the arms, and a final dab to the nape of the neck, and she's ready to go. If she really knows perfume, she'll apply it at least half an hour before she meets her date, giving the alcohol time to evaporate and leave nothing but the teasing, alluring scent to surround her.

When *monsieur* objects to the whiff of perfume (and what girl — French or otherwise — hasn't had the frustrating experience of having a man tell her "it stinks"?) it's usually because she's wrong. If she douses herself and runs to meet him before it's had a chance to settle and mingle with her skin oils, giving him a staggering dose of pure alcohol, who can blame him for choking? The same thing happens if she just dabs behind her ears. It hits him right at nose level, full force, and instead of *nuit d'amour* it's more than likely to end up a night of asphyxiation.

There's one very special trick that few girls outside of Paris have latched on to, yet.

It's particularly effective with those men who can't stand perfume, no matter how artfully applied. These men have a dislike for what they consider sickeningly sweet, or cloying scents. Truly bright *Parisiennes* have solved this vexation with a brilliant switch. They use *men's* colognes! These, of course, have been particularly brewed to appeal to a man without any of those too sweet overtones. So, what could be more logical than for a girl to enhance her visible charms with a scent her man is practically guaranteed to like? And when he sniffs the air with a certain gleam in his eye and asks after that fabulous aroma, there's no need to tell him that it's *Essence of Leather, Hunting Jacket or Duck Blind*. She makes up her own sexy name for it on the spot. After all, it's only the effect that counts.

This is the heart and soul of the Frenchwoman's secret. And like everything distinctly French, it is at bottom utterly practical. Both *madame* and *mademoiselle* know the simple truth . . . that by proper use a wise girl can make every sultry-named essence keep its promise to her.

+++



Blonde Witch- craft

Search the mystic chronicles of the occult and you will find few legends to rival the up-to-the-minute magic of a temptress named Tina — toast of every hip boulevardier from Montparnasse to the heights of Montmartre.







Nothing has more significance for a true Parisian than a vacation, and even full time working witches can't resist adding a fine touch of enchantment to the green fields and forests surrounding the city.



TONETTE

She had beauty and brains -- and the best clientele of any girl in Montmartre. Then Armand came sauntering into her love life.

WHEN TONETTE DUPLESSIS fell in love with Armand Larue, that section of Paris known as Montparnasse was shaken to the core. As word swept through the shops and cafes, through the boulevards and side-streets, through the groceries and *patisseries*, strong men turned pale with chlolelief and delicate women reached for the brandy instead of a sweet.

It was not so much that Tonette and Armand had fallen in love and taken to sharing their beds with one another.

After all, Tonette was young, sweet and wildly attractive, while Armand, who could be seen painting murals on bi-tro walls from time to time, was young, ardent of eye and ldesed with a god-like head of bronze, curly hair.

What shook Montparnasse to its very foundations was the fact that Tonette had given herself without mention or thought of financial arrangements. And she was not one of the wild young beauties to be found in the jazz cellars of Pigalle and who delight in shattering convention for its own sake.

Tonette, an adorable blonde more than once mistaken for Brigitte Bardot, was a serious girl; a hard-working *fille-de-joie* like her mother and grandmother before her. By giving

herself for nothing to Armand, she was betraying not only her own "best interests," but a way of life that went back almost a hundred years.

It was small wonder there was hell to pay, for Parisians are conventional folk, tenuous of their customs. They do not take the breaking of them lightly.

Upon hearing the shattering news, Loulou Dubois, Tonette's friend of long-standing, ran her down, after some searching, in the *Cafe des deux Cochons*. She made no bones about her errand, nor did Tonette about her plight.

"I don't see what all the fuss is about," she cried. "Surely I have a right to live my own life."

"Of course you do, *chérie*," Loulou, a brunette with more curves than international law should allow, was properly sympathetic. "But tell me just one thing — how did it happen?"

Tonette toyed with her *aperitif*, then sighed, then said, "I don't know, Loulou. One minute I was thinking about saving money and avoiding the income tax — with my future all mapped out — the next, I was in bed with Armand."

She shrugged . . .

Loulou was nothing if not practical. She said with a slight frown. "Of



Horried at first, she listened while he painted glowing pictures of the wealthy clients he would obtain for her.

course, as long as you keep this up, it means the end of our friendship. I can't afford to be seen around with a girl who gives such a treasure away. Such behavior might give my customers ideas I cannot afford."

"I shall miss you, *chérie*," Tonette said simply and sadly. "Life won't be the same."

"And I shall miss you, Tonette," said Loulou. "When I remember those double-dates we used to go on with the G's. Do you recall the night of the four yankee soldiers and the six magnums of *L'aveu Cléot*?"

"How could I ever forget?" Tears trembled in Tonette's beautiful blue eyes.

"You were magnificent that night," said Loulou. "A veritable high-priestess of passion."

"You were magnificent, also, Loulou. When you did that Cancan, *au naturel*, and the gendarmes arrived..."

"You're sure you won't reconsider?" asked Loulou.

"I would if I could, but . . . I can't," Tonette replied simply. "I'm in love — madly, completely in love."

"Love," said Loulou, lapsing into an Americanism, "is for the pigeons."

"Then I must be a pigeon." The sadness suddenly left Tonette's sweet, young face as a tall youth with alert brown eyes and bronze curls in attractive disarray entered the cafe.

It was Armand, of course, and when his eyes lit on Tonette, he too, lit up. "Ah, darling!" he cried. "My love, my life, my all!"

"My foot! murmured Loulou, gathering up her purse and gloves. "Bonne chance, old friend."

Tonette barely heard her, so rapt was her concentration upon the object of her affections. So rapt, in fact, that she failed to note the provocative little wriggle Loulou gave her admirable *derrière* as she walked away.

But Armand noted it, and Loulou was well aware of his reaction. She was smiling a satisfied little smile as she left . . .

That night, as she lay in Armand's arms, an ecstatic Tonette tried to tell herself there was no abatement of the ardor of his embraces. Yet, experienced far beyond her tender years in exact degrees of passion and response, she found it difficult not to believe that the first fine edge of his compelling desire was blunted.

He was still the best, she reminded herself, even if no longer quite what he was. And she determined to make up for any fading of his ardor by doubling the strength of her own responses.

Never, she told herself, had she known anything like it.

It was sometime later that night that Armand, puffing reflectively on a cigarette, remarked "You know, *chérie*, I've been thinking things over."

Now it is coming, Tonette thought as terror clamped a vise on her heart.

"It's my way of life — painting an occasional restaurant, settling for handouts most of the time. That was fine, my love, while I was alone. But you deserve something better from a man, and I want you to have only the best."

Tonette was too startled to speak at first. Then, with relief, she replied. "I ask for nothing except what you give me here." She gestured at the bed surrounding them.

But Armand had other ideas, and what his ideas boiled down to was he wanted to be Tonette's manager — or to put it in the language of the streets — her pimp! Horrified at first, she listened while he painted glowing word pictures of the wealthy clients he would obtain for her, of the profits they would share, of the true love they would make on her off-nights.

"You have made up your mind?" she asked, resting gracefully on one elbow, the full splendor of her nude breasts catching the reflected glow of the streetlamp just outside the window.

"I have made up my mind, *chérie*," he bent to kiss her, lingeringly, until she almost swooned with desire. This time, she attacked his body as she had never attacked any man before, letting glorious sensation ride through and over her until it became screamingly unbearable, then letting it ride again and again until sheer exhaustion overtook her.

"You'll be terrific," Armand assured her enthusiastically when they spoke again. "The finest whore in all Paris."

"We'll see," said Tonette doubtfully. She was a little frightened of the strength of her voluptuous responses. Like all true artists, she had trained herself to curb her passions so that they might serve her professional purposes.

What if she let go for money? And what if she lost control then? . . .

Time passed, and Tonette confined her all-out responses to her moments with Armand, using expertise only upon the customers he obtained for her.

But the times with Armand seemed to grow less and less frequent, although his promotion of her renewed career continued at a steady pace.

True to his word, he was getting her more work than ever before in her life.

The only trouble was, the money that should have been rolling in wasn't. Armand had ever-ready excuses. There was a provost to be fixed here, a syndicate to be paid off there. He needed new clothes and a smart little car if he was not to disgrace his new high estate.

Tonette worried but went along with him — until the night she was with an American client who insisted upon taking her to *Maxim's*. And there, at a front table surrounded by waiters and iced champagne, sat Armand, her Armand, and Loulou, her very best friend.

"A handsome couple," said the American. "You know them?"

"Too well," replied Tonette. Looking at her American, she found him handsome, though, at the moment, she would have found any man so in her fury.

"Take me back to the hotel," she said, and he was both ready and willing.

There, upon a rented bed, she took her revenge upon the faithless Armand, pouring out her resentment in a fury of passion that had the American sobbing for dear life. There, Tonette made the discovery that was to change her life. She didn't need Armand to inspire the voluptuous delights that had brought her face to face with ruin.

Now she new she could attain them with any man, merely by ignoring what her mother and grandmother had taught her about never yielding completely to passion. All she had to do was give, give, give . . .

"That was incredible," the American whispered when it had ended.

He paid her three times her usual fee and apologized for his paucity of cash. The next morning, when Armand came to collect his share, Tonette neglected to tell him of the sudden rise in her price scale.

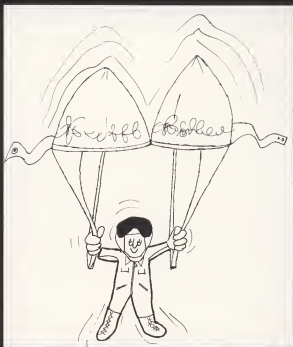
After all, it was she who had earned it, while Armand spent her money on Loulou. Therefore she kept it, just as she meant to keep all surplus earnings in the future until Armand was far behind her.

She felt so at peace with the world, so content, that she actually smiled at her betrayer and kissed him warmly before he left . . . for after all, the French are an immensely practical people. And Tonette, a true daughter of France, was far too sensible to let crass sentiment stand in the way of what now promised to be an *arrangement ideal*. + + +



Voilà! French cartoonist Frédéric mixes a dash of spice with drawing ink to provide that gala Gallic viewpoint.

FRENCH FROLICHS



LATIN ON THE LEFT BANK

RIOT

on the Right...

BAMBI

hit Paris with

an IMPACT

that left

customarily calm

SENCHMEN

AGASP!





Bambi was just another
model back in her native
Los Angeles. Now, normally
nonplussed continental
lensmen are stumbling all
over themselves to shoot
this exotic export.



For a *très long* look at Bambi,
please turn over . . .





Just ask anyone in Paris . . .
they'll tell you chic
chanteuse Simone didn't
become the rage of
the *jazz hot* set crooning
cornball ballads for
squares. She made her mark
in the bigtime bistros when
she shook up the scene with
a broiling new brand of
rhythm and lowdown blues.





It's clear that
Simone can't help
sizzling — whether at
home or out in the
spotlight.
But she plays to an
extremely limited
audience in her own
Left Bank pad which
she shares with
Monsieur le Pussycat,
the luckiest pet
in all Paris.





Immediately, the beautiful proprietress changed. Her haughty attitude seemed to vanish as she leaned back on the golden couch.

Pierre's prowess was a remarkable thing to begin with . . . but when word got out about his magnificent antique, every beauty in Paris plotted and schemed just for the chance to pay a friendly call.

PIERRE SAW THE GREAT GOLDEN bed in the window of an antique-shop, in that section of Paris where antique-shops are jammed together on every block. Instantly, he became fascinated.

Pierre was a very wealthy man. He went often to that section of Paris, to pick up pieces of fine old furniture for his home in the city, or his villa on the Riviera, or his chateau in the Alps. Thus he was no stranger to the shops, nor to the treasures that crowded their floors and windows.

But the golden bed was different. It was of carved wood, gilded, and massive — so noble in its proportions that it seemed to demand a great bedroom with vaulted ceilings and a terrace overlooking fine gardens, of which Pierre had several.

So one day, having decided, he ordered his coach stopped in front of the shop and went in to buy the bed.

A lovely woman attended him — the wife, so she said, of the owner. She was tall, but not so tall as to be unwieldy — and slim, but not so slim as to be bony — and rounded in the contours of bosom and hips, but not so rounded as to be more than a firm, warm handful wherever the hand might fall.

"I wish," said Pierre, gesturing toward it, "to buy that golden bed."

"Ah, monsieur," said she. "Do you know the story of that bed? It is very expensive — and with excellent reason."

"I did not know," said Pierre, "but while expense is no object, you have made me curious. What is the reason?"

"It was the favorite bed," the lovely woman said, "of Jacques Casanova!"

"Sans blague?" Pierre said, great-

the CURIOUS CASE of CASANOVA'S COUCH BY BERNARD TONNERRE

ly interested. He walked to the bed and prodded it with his stick. "Yet it seems to be in excellent shape. One might expect it to have deteriorated — broken springs, tears in the mattress, and so forth."

"But," said the lovely proprietress lowering her lashes, "the great Casanova was not such a violent lover. He was gentle and firm, skilled and possessing great control in everything he did. His bed would not be abused, dear sir. No, it would instead resemble the ordered disarray of a great painter's palette, after the production of a masterpiece, each wrinkle and rumple mute evidence of energy not grossly used!"

"Eh bien," Pierre said, "Casanova or no Casanova, I will buy the bed. How much is it, please?"

"One million francs, monsieur," Pierre's hand fell away from his wallet, and he stared at her in astonishment. "For that, in any of a dozen courts, I might purchase a bed with a duchess in it! Why so much?"

"There is a legend about this bed, dear sir," she replied. "It is said that its owner, be he a large man or small, skilled or a fumbling fool, he will have the strength of ten in his encounters with the opposite sex! He will, it is said, never need to stop for rest, but will plunge like a brave stallion into battle, again and again, and again, all the night through and during the following day should he wish it so! This is the magic of Casanova's bed!"

"And well it explains his life," Pierre murmured, gazing at the bed in some awe. "What sorcerer must have touched it? But," he returned his money-bag to its place, "a million francs I will not pay, for strength and stamina are mine by

nature, not must I buy them by magical means?"

"I believe you, dear sir," she said softly, her eyes on his stalwart frame. "But there is *more*." She lowered her voice shyly. "It is also said that whoever shall own this bed shall have any woman — any woman of his —

"Any woman?" said Pierre, deeply interested.

She nodded. "He need only have her come in contact with this magic bed, and she shall be his. He may ask her to sit on it or indeed, push her bodily so that she sits on it, or urge her to test the smoothness of its gilt with a finger! Whosoever touches it . . . then will she lie upon it, and its owner will possess her. Now, is that worth a million francs, monsieur? Were I a man, I should sell body and soul to buy it!"

"Are you, then," Pierre murmured, "so fond of the ways of a man with a maid? Perhaps your husband does not properly appreciate you?"

"My husband appreciates me very well," she said, her manner suddenly haughty. "I meant only that I understand the minds of men. Do you wish to buy the bed?"

"Not," said Pierre. "Without proof that you have said is true."

"Buy it, and you shall see!"

"Where is your husband now?" Pierre purred, glancing around.

"He makes a delivery, in another part of town," she gasped — for now Pierre's arms were about her, clasping her tight, and his lips touching her pink right ear and his hands wandering over that which was not too much nor too little. "Monsieur!" she shrieked. "Let me go this instant! How dare you!"

"I dare," Pierre said, pushing her backward toward the bed, "because I claim magic as my ally!"

And he pushed her down so that she sat upon the bed.

IMEDIATELY, SHE CHANGED. She smiled at him invitingly, and leaned back languorously. She commenced to undo her bodice, revealing soft white mounds of flesh. Her hands wandered sensuously downward to unfasten more garments, and Pierre's eyes feasted on the treasures thus revealed.

In an instant, he bolted the door and drew the blinds. Then he darted back to the bed, where she awaited. He sank into its softness beside her, and with a shuddering sigh she drew him to her, and they became as one . . .

Afterward — that is, two hours later he bought the bed. He had performed without pause, without fatigue. The bed had indeed conferred a miracle of strength upon its male occupant!

The lovely woman, now dressed again, seemed scarcely to know what was going on. Her eyes were glazed, her breath was still shallow, and now and then she smiled to herself as if pursuing pleasurable memories . . .

Pierre installed the golden bed in the bedroom of his secluded villa, near Barbizon, and then let it be known, through the social circles in which he traveled, that he had a priceless antique to sell.

To his home came a succession of the wealthiest and most beautiful women in Paris, all anxious to see and perhaps possess some wonderful treasure from his justly famous collection.

All of them came in hopes of gaining a possession, but all instead were vigorously possessed.

"*Regardez!*" Pierre would say lightly. "Touch it." And when they would, then, as if in a daze, they commenced to divest themselves of garments that would be in the way of their sudden, all-consuming desire. And Pierre would perform according to the bed's miraculous power, with the strength of ten . . .

It was commented upon, in a French social journal of the time, that suddenly and mysteriously the women of Parisian society had developed a seeming disinclination to sit down much of the time; instead, they preferred to stand or to pose against mantles. It started a fad. And it was all the doing of Pierre, for after a visit to see his antique, no woman could do otherwise — for days.

There was a mysterious conversa-

tion heard between two noblewomen:

Said the Duchess of L'Orte: "I see that you are standing, *chère* Madame DuBois. Perhaps you, too, have examined Pierre's antique?"

Replied Madame DuBois: "If that is an antique, dear Duchess, what must it have been like when it was new!"

Then they both laughed hilariously, to the puzzlement of male listeners.

But all good things must come to an end, and Pierre's good thing had come to one good end too many. For while he could, under the bed's spell, perform as mightily as ten, he was but one man. Such Herculean exertion began to take its toll. His ecstatic enthusiasm dimmed to satisfaction, and then . . . In a state of utter exhaustion, he returned to the antique-shop, where he had bought the bed.

The lovely proprietress did not recognize him.

WHEN HE IDENTIFIED HIMSELF, she said, "Ah-h-h-h, yes . . . the one who bought Casanova's bed. You seem to have lost weight, *monieur*."

"Thirty pounds," he cried. "Enough, enough! *Madame*, it was you who told me of the bed's magic, and your words were true! Look at me — a human wreck, a shadow of my former self. Surely you must know how well it has worked!"

"I know how well you made it work to take advantage of me," she said.

"Let bygones be bygones," he said miserably. He staggered, having barely the strength to keep from falling down. "Dear lady, there must be something you have not told me. Surely Casanova could not have lived as I do. Indeed, I cannot stop! The bed has worked a spell on me, too. Day and night, it fills me with desire — desire for the love of women so often and so much that my poor body cannot keep pace. If I keep this up, I shall be a skeleton! Tell me, how may I rid myself of this curse? How may I rest for a while, and use the magic of the bed only when I wish?"

The woman placed her hands on her hips and smiled an ugly smile. "Had you not dazed me so with your passion — or rather the passion of the bed, of which you were but the helpless tool — I should have told you that Casanova had a way of avoiding the predicament in which you find yourself!"

"How?" groaned Pierre. "Just

tell me how I may rid myself of this demon thirst, this obsession . . . I will pay you anything!"

"The bed," she said, "had a crimson quilt — also invested with magic. A quilt woven by the witches of Normandy, filled with the wool of virgin lambs, embroidered in a holy place. Should you place that quilt upon the bed, then shall you be released from carnal desire until you remove it. That was the secret of Casanova's power. When he wished to rest, or was required to, he spread the quilt on the bed, and devoted himself to sunning and billiards."

"Where is the quilt?" Pierre moaned. "Sell it to me quickly, or I shall perish from my exertions!"

"One million francs, *monieur*," she said softly. "The price of my affections, which you took without leave."

"Thief!" he cried, taking that amount from his wallet.

She removed a crimson quilt from beneath the counter and handed it to him. He rushed to his home and threw it upon the golden bed, and then lay down to rest.

Pierre rested, and rested, and rested, and rested, and rested. When he finally arose, he was a new man — or, at any rate a different one. For the woman had lied to him. The magic quilt had been woven by the celibate monks of L'Ingres; those ragged fanatics to whom a woman's touch was worse than death, they who preached in the streets that physical love was the Devil's invention, and better the human race should perish than perpetuate itself through such evil means . . .

PIERRE AWOKE, AND, WRAPPING the crimson quilt about him, walked the long distance to L'Ingres, where he took the vows and became one of the fanatics. The monks were happy to receive him, for, ever since their woven quilt had disappeared some twenty years ago, nature had attempted to take its course without the quilt's magical intervention, and the monastery had rocked with dissension.

And all about Paris, lovely women mourned the loss of Pierre's antique, and hoped someday he would regain his senses and restore it to use.

And in a certain antique-shop, a certain lovely woman smiled to herself in vengeful satisfaction, for she alone knew that he wouldn't.

When a Parisienne Awakens

Captured by camera...that
magnificent moment Yvonne
rises to greet the new day





The glorious awakening is nothing short of shattering if the subject happens to be as breath-takingly compelling as exotic Yvonne.







*As if to prove she's truly
Parisienne, Yvonne is always
careful to lavish the lion's
share of dressing time
on her luxurious lingerie.*



IT'S BETTER IN PARIS

There is an ancient but apt story about a transplanted *Parisienne* who was strolling down Fifth Avenue in Manhattan one afternoon with a male escort when the latter happened to run into an acquaintance. He promptly introduced them to one another.

The acquaintance, after hearing the girl make a few casual remarks, said, "You're French, aren't you?"

"How can you tell?" countered the *mademoiselle*, who was proud of her English.

"By the way you roll your r's," replied the American. At this, the girl blushed charmingly and said, "Ah, monsieur, but that is only because I'm wearing high heels!"

Whatever it may be, there is something unmistakable about a *Parisienne*. It may be her accent, her laugh or merely the way she projects style into her inevitable "little black dress" worn with a single strand of pearls.

Whatever it is, it makes her the sexiest woman this side of Tahiti. Although she may lack the apple-pie beauty of her female American opposite number — tending to be shorter of leg and longer of torso and nose — she is clearly the reigning mistress of charm, chic, and frank, full-blown sensuality.

Yet, outside of Paris, the *Parisienne* loses some of her magnetism. At home, walking through Montmartre or la Cité or seated at a sidewalk café, she seems so subtly blended into her environment that girl and metropolis enhance one another.

In New York or Hollywood, the *Parisienne* is ever so slightly on her guard, and the tension can be felt. Yet, even with the pressures the New World inflicts upon her, she is quite a dish for any man.

For one thing, her attitude toward sex reveals a refreshing lack of embarrassment that few women of other countries can match. She accepts the fact that men and women are not only created different but that the difference is the prime ingredient of love — the finest art.

As the youthful Francoise (*Bonjour, Tristesse*) Sagan told an interviewer not long ago, "We don't make a great big thing out of sex. We merely seek to accept it as a part of life and therefore necessary to all of us who are alive."

Jerome Weidman, the American novelist (*I Can Get It for You Wholesale*), visited Paris some years ago and met the *Parisienne* on her own home ground. His reaction, later revealed in a memoir he wrote of the trip, was one of astonishment — untutored enchanted astonishment — at the total lack of Anglo-Saxon sex-inhibitions. To judge from his account, Weidman seems to have had the time of his life.

This refusal to be embarrassed by sex can indeed be enchanting. Perhaps its most amusing demonstration is not the nude showgirls of the *Lido* or the *Moulin Rouge* but that far more homey article of Gallic bedroom furniture the *bidet*. As Alec Guinness once pointed out in a film

about Paris, this great aid to sexual comfort is not a foot-hath.

There are builders' codes in America which absolutely forbid the importation, manufacture or installation of the *bidet* in any bedroom or bathroom within their jurisdiction. The reasons given for refusing to bring this blessing across the Atlantic are far from logical, and it's an odds-on wager that, underlying this refusal, are those same old Anglo-Saxon sex-inhibitions, bolstered perhaps by a strong dash of Puritan tradition.

Yet the sexual freedom of the *Parisienne* is but one of the many facets of her charm. Furthermore, although it does seem to lose something in translation to other climes, she never wholly loses her unique magnetism.

During the troubled times of the French Revolution, one highly placed noblewoman, the Comtesse de la Tour du Pin, emigrated from Versailles to the wintry wilds of upstate New York. Despite the sudden and radical change in her condition, the countess, in her diary, never once revealed the slightest discontent with her lot, nor the slightest embarrassment when other aristocratic émigrés came to call and found her churning butter, spreading fertilizer, milking the cows or engaged in other homey, but essential farm chores seldom associated with a companion to ruling monarchs.

Perhaps Simone de Beauvoir, the brilliant French philosopher-author was in error when she angrily described herself and other Frenchwomen as members of a "second" — or subsidiary — sex. Certainly there is an overwhelming legion of American males who are more than eager to testify to the contrary.

It is as impossible to think of France, and especially Paris, without its gay and enchanting *mademoiselles* as it is to think of Eskimos without furs in the winter. Nor was it by accident that American troops raved the French to "liberate" Paris and thereby had the time of their lives — as did their fathers before them in World War I.

Tales are told of some *mademoiselles* who failed to emerge from certain tanks of our armored forces for as long as four days. And it's a safe bet they didn't go in there to read the Paris edition of the New York *Herald Tribune*.

Frenchwomen, despite Mlle. de Beauvoir, are certainly not regarded as an inferior sex by the men of other races no matter what distinctions in law and suffrage the Code Napoléon, that milestone in civil law, univaluedly lays upon them.

In fact, most men dream of the vivacious *Parisienne* as a sex-goddess throughout their lives. When the Stardust Hotel opened in Las Vegas a few years ago, and its damn-the-expenses backers wished to give it a truly sensational launching, they brought the *Club Lido* girl-show all the way from Paris. This started something of a trend that has been followed by other de luxe hostilities up and down the Strip and around the U.S.A.

Yet a *Parisienne* strolling along the Vegas Strip or putting her money into the slot machines of the world's gambling capital is not the same thing as that same girl strolling the Rue de Rivoli or slipping period at the *Rotonde*. She belongs in Paris, for that is her finest showcase.

Therefore, speaking as an American, it behooves all of us to be as bad Americans as we possibly can. Then, unlike the proverbial good Americans who get to Paris only when they die, some of us may have a chance to whip the deadline to a frazzle.

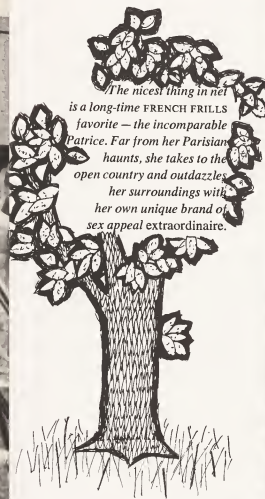
Run, do not walk, to your nearest travel agency. +++

If *mademoiselle* doesn't travel too well wait till you see her on home ground. She's superbe!





Nicest Thing in Net





*A full day off in the sun
is just what a busy model requires
to keep in trim . . . and while
half-a-hundred sad photographers
mourn the loss of their
much sought-after subject . . .*



*Patrice proceeds
merrily on her willful way
back to nature . . .
hurling off the hampering
coils and fetters
of convention.*



Monsieur!

Attention, s'il vous plaît.

VOILA

FRENCH FRILLS

présent...

une collection magnifique

des plus

belles

DAMES

et

demoiselles

de

La France!

